

Waterfalls

by flyingagainstthewind

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Summary: **Sequel to my story Cliff's Edge. (read that first!)**. Now that the family has relocated to their new home, Carlisle is working on something revolutionary. Who will support and oppose the discovery? The vampire world is on the verge of changing, and old skeletons begin to burst from closets. Juliet and Renesmee have to hold their family together for dear life.

1. Chapter 1

Volume Two - Waterfalls

**Part One**

Chapter One

Juliet

The sun was just beginning to rise as I sleepily approached the helicopter. Alice jumped out and embraced us tightly.

"They've been traveling all night," Carlisle said, his voice layered with fondness. "So they're really tired."

Jasper loaded our bags into the helicopter. We climbed in, received the safety lecture - although we were completely dead to the world - and then we took off.

I hated heights. I would have been sick as we lifted higher and higher over the trees, but I was too tired to care. I couldn't sleep on the plane. Nessie couldn't either. We were too busy giggling and watching movies.

I regretted it now as we flew over the rainforest. The dawn spilled over the sky, an odd periwinkle-lilac blue. I could still see the moon and stars, faintly. The thick canopy had less and less breaks as we travelled farther away from civilization. We passed mountains and

waterfalls and long, winding rivers. Esme snapped photos the whole time, including a pleasant shot of Nessie's head against my shoulder, conked out completely.

We landed at a helipad with a little hut next to it. Emmett and Rose were waiting there for us. We hugged out our greetings before Em, Jasper, Carlisle and Esme ran ahead with the suitcases. Alice and Rosalie lifted us into their arms securely and took off into the dense trees.

It was a terrifying run, leaping over gorges and rivers, up hills and ricocheting off of large rocks. Eventually, thankfully, we touched down at a wall. A very high wall.

Jasper keyed in the passcode and we entered the compound - or as I grew to call it, Paradise.

Through the front gate, there was a path lined with small white flowers leading to the main house, which looked very tropical. A big white modern house with lots of windows, as per Cullen style, and sandy-colored decks. To the right of the house was a small patch of large blooming trees. How the mature trees got there, I wasn't sure. I suspected this whole operation was very expensive, though. In the right corner, down from the gate, was a small white building that held the generator and plumbing system.

To the left of the house, in the far front left corner of the compound, was a small farm that would soon be blossoming with fruits and veggies. It was mostly going to be hunting for dinner, though, we were told. Lovely.

Behind the main house was a very nice-sized pool. The patio around it was paved with grey stones, and a waterfall that had waterslides on either side burbled into it. Next to the pool, raised up, was a hot tub. The deck of the main house had comfy-looking white lounge chairs, and the entire wall was windows that opened into the living room. Half the living room was raised up and held bookshelves, the other half was lower with three stairs leading down. Couches lined the pit, and on the wall was a large flatscreen TV. In the front of the house was the kitchen and dining room. Upstairs was Carlisle's study, with their bedroom suite. Another flight up were two guest bedrooms and my bedroom and bathroom. My room had a skylight above the bed, and another bed for when Nessie came to stay.

In the basement was Carlisle's huge lab. I didn't stick around because I didn't understand the equipment and didn't want to touch or breath on anything. In the back right corner of the compound, another large house sat. The house was less modern style, more of a beachy Victorian. That was Jake and Seth's house. They told me it was styled to look more like it belonged in La Push.

In the back, near the middle, was a small cottage that looked exactly like Bella and Edward's back in Forks. There was even a pond in the backyard.

Next door, but a reasonable distance away, was Alice and Jasper's. It looked more more cutting edge and less fairytale. Next to that in the corner of the compound was an art studio. Alice told us proudly that she was going to start her own fashion design label.

Nearby, closer to the farm, was Rosalie and Emmett's cottage. It was a nice blend of fairytale and modern. In general, the whole place had a lot of open space. I felt slightly closed in, seeing as just beyond the walls, the trees and canopy formed more walls.

It was nice, though. A little shady, a little disorienting, but nice. The canopy hung over just enough to conceal the compound, and there were a few tall leafy trees in the compound that helped the canopy remain thick.

"How did you pull all this off in just a few months?" I asked, throwing my arms wide.

"Vampires with impossible strength who don't sleep and barely eat? Piece of cake," Alice waved her hand. "It was actually kind of difficult, but it was great. Okay, Renesmee, go move into your new room. Your parents are waiting for you."

Nessie brightened and tore off towards the cottage. I wandered into the main house and into my room, where I'd left my bags during the tour.

My room looked so bare and impersonal. I set my laptop on the desk, plugged it into the wall and booted it up.

It was slightly dim in my room, thanks to the fact that it was early morning and not super bright where the house was. I switched on the little lamp next to my laptop.

Now, how to do my room? I set the wolf snowglobe that Jake had gotten me next to my lamp. The throw blanket from Nessie went onto the foot of my bed. The wooden box from Seth, I placed carefully on the nightstand. It held the cute little things from Seth and some other things. I put my clothes in my closet. Still, the room wasn't homey enough.

I got a piece of string and attached my favorite photos to it before hanging it on the wall that my bed was pushed against. I draped a sweater I'd gotten from Seth - one he outgrew - and draped it on the back of my chair.

Some extra string lights from the hot tub, I put up on the wall. Now the room was looking more lived-in. I spread my makeup, bath bombs and other things on the counter in my bathroom. I left my diary on the desk as though I'd forgotten to put it away. Finally it was perfect. I was just blowing the hair out of my face when a knock came at the door. I turned to face the guest.

"Seth!" I yelled, launching myself forward. He wrapped me up in a huge hug.

After I'd kissed him about a million times, he laughed and put me down.

"Ness woke me up and said you would be here," he said. "How was your exams?"

"They went fine," I laughed. "I barely paid attention. How was your first few months in South America?"

"They worked me to the bone," Seth rubbed the back of his neck.
"Those vamps don't quit. It's beautiful here, though. We've explored the forest, 'cause mostly we hunt for our food now."

"That's awesome," I said. "Guess I gotta get used to drinking blood, then."

"Yeah, s'not so bad though. Oh, and we met some of Nahuel's friends. His sisters deserted their dad and live with him and his aunt, and Tatiana, not far from here. They're pretty cool, a little giggly and flirty though," Seth looked at the floor sheepishly as I growled.

"My wolf," I folded my arms. He pulled me into his lap, planting kisses on my neck.

"My hybrid," he pointed out between kisses. "Jeez, your hair's getting long."

"Yeah," I nodded. It was true, my hair had grown down to my butt. I stopped bothering to let Rose or Alice trim it. Nobody really commented on it if I wore it differently every day. Now that we were here I planned on leaving it loose and free.

I spent the next hour filling Seth in on the happenings of Oregon, visiting with the rest of the family, and exploring the compound. We weren't allowed into the forest without an adult vampire with us. Totally boring, but for a good reason, apparently.

Being June, it was hot as anything. As the day wore on, it got hotter. The vampires didn't even notice it, but us part-humans were dying. We splashed in the pool and drank cold drinks. Alice made sure, when she visited town, to buy frozen fruits and other freezable items before transporting them back to the compound. We stored them in large freezers in the kitchen.

As far as I was concerned, this was paradise. Carlisle got to work immediately, now that he had the equipment for the project he was working on.

This was going to be fun.

2. Chapter 2

A/n: Hey! So, welcome to volume two! I think this will mostly be centered on Renesmee's point of view. I feel as though Juliet had her time to be the main focus, now it's time for Renesmee. Not to mention gotta have those cute NxJ moments am I right or am I right? Eli
xx

Chapter Two

Renesmee

Instead of school, I now spent my days in the lab next to Carlisle. We wore lab coats, sterilised our hands, and I always put my hair in a ponytail.

What we were doing was building an artificial womb. It was a very

difficult process. Jasper had connections, so he got us the materials we needed. It was possible. We were determined to keep working on it until we died.

Charlie visited often. He had moved to where Nahuel and Tatiana lived. He was teaching Huilen, Tatiana and the others how to drink from animals instead of people. He'd also, I suspected, begun a romance with Tatiana. Jeez, lots of gossip happens when everyone leaves you in Oregon.

Tatiana also stopped in every day. She'd given up her obsession with Carlisle, rendering her completely more pleasant to talk to.

"I'm so tired, Lewis," I complained into the camera. It was 11pm, and around seven in Forks.

"What's he got you doing?" Lewis asked. I had him on a Skype call, sitting in my bedroom at my desk.

"We're running endless tests to make sure this womb thing won't reject the fetus," I rested my chin on my hand.

"So like, a miscarriage?" He wrinkled his nose. "That's so freaky."

"Yup," I tossed a frozen cherry into my mouth. "Really freaky. It's like a sci-fi movie. We're going to grow a baby in the machine."

"Oh, my god," Lewis laughed. "So you're going to have a cousin?"

"If it works, which I'm praying it will."

"This is really dangerous, Ren," Lewis sobered up. "Are you really sure you can handle it if things go sour?"

"I'm sure," I said, smiling. "I'm really sure. Now I'm just worried about Juliet. We're planning on being here a long time, and she doesn't really have a hobby."

"She'll find one," Lewis assured me. "She always does."

"Good. Hey, I got an early morning tomorrow so I'm heading to bed. Think you can convince your mom to let you visit this summer?"

"Yeah, I think I can do it. It was really nice of your grandparents to offer to fly me out," Lewis smiled back.

"Of course!" I chirped. "Okay, let me know what she says. Goodnight."

"Goodnight!"

We ended the call and I closed the laptop. Bella knocked at my door. I waved her in.

"You going to sleep, love?" She asked, running her fingers through my curls.

"Yeah, I'm tired," I yawned. Bella kissed me on the head and quietly closed the door. I crawled into bed and fell asleep immediately, lulled by the hum of the rainforest.

The next morning, I awoke sharply. I couldn't get used to my surroundings, and we'd been here most of June. The light in my room was a dim emerald green, filtered through the trees.

I got out of bed and pulled on jogging shorts and a grey t-shirt. In the kitchen, Edward was sat at the island counter with a book.

"Made you a fruit salad," he said, gesturing at the bowl on the counter. I popped a few grapes in my mouth and smiled in thanks.

"Where's Mom?" I asked, looking around.

"Visiting Charlie for the day," he said before pausing. "I'll admit I'm at a loss for activitiesâ€¦ Typically I'll be exploring with Bella orâ€¦ talking to Bellaâ€¦"

We made eye contact.

"Um," I said. "I'm sorry to hear that."

"Are your studies going well? Do you need a tutor?"

"Thanks, but no thanks, Dad," I held up a hand. "Why don't you go catch up with Esme or play videogames with your brothers?"

"Good idea," he nodded. "Will you be in Carlisle's lab today?"

"Yep."

"Okay, don't work too hard, remind him you need breaks," Edward kissed my forehead. I was alone in the house, so I finished my fruit salad, washed the bowl and sat on the couch.

Okay, I thought, one hour until I have to be at the lab. I went for a quick jog around the compound, noticed that everyone else was still sleeping, had a shower and went to the main house.

"He's in the basement," Esme kissed my cheek. "Have you eaten yet?"

"I have," I told her. "Can you tell Juliet there's a note for her on the table?"

"Of course," Esme went back to the living room as I grabbed a pen and paper.

Jules,

Go to Alice's. Ask about her fashion label and see if she'll give you a job. You seem bored lately. I'll text you when I'm done work, we'll hang out!

P.S CALL LEWIS!

R xx_

I left the note on the island and jogged to the basement, grabbing my lab coat and twisting my hair into a bun.

"Good morning, Renesmee," Carlisle was already deep in thought, staring at a slide. I washed my hands and dried off quickly, joining him at the desk.

"The machine is ready for a test fetus," he announced. "We have an issue, though."

"The issue being?" I asked, grabbing my notebook and a pen.

"We need to either find a way to extract an egg from the female's ovary or find a human donor with a similar genetic profile," Carlisle pursed his lips. I wrote down our options. I really didn't need to write it down, as Carlisle would remember it all, but I was going to document everything for both sentimental purposes and so I could accurately write a paper on the experiment.

"Could we use vampire strength to access the ovary and then use venom to heal it?" I offered.

"That is an option, although incredibly experimental and dangerous," he mused.

"We could attempt it on a small part of the body and then work up to the ovaries?" I said, writing down a section on 'rudimentary vampire surgery'.

"I'll run it by subject number one," Carlisle said. He was refusing to say "baby" or "Rosalie and Emmett". He knew that if this failed, everyone's hearts would break. He was refusing to make it real.

"I'll call and set up an appointment," I took out my cellphone, walking away from Carlisle.

"Hello?" Rosalie said into the phone.

"Rosalie, it's me, your doctor," I rolled my eyes slightly. "Can you come to the lab any time soon? We have to talk, and bring Emmett."

"We'll be right over," the line disconnected. Less than two minutes later, Rosalie was knocking on the door.

I welcomed them in and sat them on two chairs. Carlisle explained what we would need to do in order to extract an egg from Rosalie, if it was even still viable after her long immortality.

They sat for a moment, digesting the permanent damage that could occur if the surgery was a flop.

"Do it on me," Emmett said suddenly. "Open up my stomach, poke a bit and close me up."

"Emmett, no," Rosalie grabbed his hand. "I can't put you through that just for my dream."

"It's our dream, Rosie," he told her. She covered her mouth, closing her eyes for a moment.

"Let me do this, for you and for our baby," Emmett whispered, leaning close. After a long pause, she nodded.

"Since anesthetic won't work on you, we'll have to do an awake surgery on you," Carlisle said. "I'd prefer to do it as soon as possible."

I almost glared at him. These were his kids we were talking about. Why was he being so insensitive and detached?

"We should use Jasper as an anesthetic," I countered. "He can make Emmett really, really calm, so he won't freak out when he sees his abdomen on the table!"

"Fine," Carlisle said, still emotionless. "Call in Jasper, run this by him, and then prepare my operating table."

Carlisle disappeared upstairs to prepare his notes. Emmett and Rose both looked to me.

"Has he been like this the whole time?" Emmett asked. "So robotic?"

"Pretty much," I cleaned up our slides. "He's just worried. Listen, it's nothing to worry about."

"You sure?" Rosalie stood up.

"Yep," I smiled. "I've got some calls to make, I'd estimate the surgery time for about an hour from now."

Rose and Emmett disappeared. I took out my phone and dialled Jasper.

"Hello?" Jasper's smooth voice already eased my heart.

"Hey, Jasper, we're performing a surgery on Emmett today, kind of like a test thing, and we'd like to use you as an anesthetic. Is that okay?"

Jasper laughed. "Emmett's a guinea pig? I'll be right over. Alice won't make it, probably, she's cooped up in the studio with Juliet."

"Good," I smiled. "See you in a bit."

Jasper arrived, and I briefed him on what would happen. He agreed to do the surgery with us. My uncle, or brother, or whatever he was, sat on the counter as I prepped Carlisle's operating table.

"What's got you bothered, Renesmee?" He asked finally.

"Nothing," I told him. "I'm just dedicated to my work."

"What's going on with Carlisle?" He tried again.

"Leave it alone."

"Alright, I won't pry any more than I have," he informed me. "But you can't lie to me, and I'm here when you want to discuss it."

"Stupid empath," I muttered, finishing the prep. "EMMETT! ROSE! CARLISLE."

The three entered the room moments later. We got Emmett situated on the operating table.

"Rosalie, you should go upstairs for the surgery," Carlisle said, not looking at her.

"Like Hell, Carlisle," Rosalie stood firmly where she was.

"You'll be too emotional," Carlisle ground his teeth. "And it'll distract me."

"We've got Jasper," Rosalie didn't move.

"It's okay, Carlisle," I told him. "Let's just do this."

Emmett, grinning like a madman, took his shirt off and tossed it to Jasper. He laid down on the table, patting his stomach.

"Open up the hood, right, Carlisle?" Emmett joked. Carlisle, who typically would have laughed, didn't flicker.

"Anesthetic, please," he said. Jasper fixed his eyes on Emmett, who became subdued and stared only at the roof.

Carlisle placed his hands on either side of Emmett's stomach. He dug his fingernails into the flesh with some effort, and, grunting, pulled it open.

My stomach churned as I saw Emmett open on the table. His organs seemed pale, almost lifeless, but they were there. Pink. His stomach was more red. It took a moment to process.

"His organs work, Carlisle," I peered at them. "They're filtering the blood he drank and converting it to power."

"It appears that way," Carlisle said dully. "Emmett, when was the last time you fed?"

"Last week," Emmett sounded loopy, peering at himself as best he could from his flat position. "That's meâ€!"

"It is you, baby," Rosalie cooed, stroking his hair. "You're so healthy."

"Cool, babe," Emmett chuckled.

"Now I'm putting his sides together," Carlisle said, after extracting a few samples and setting them aside. I nervously held Emmett's hard, cold flesh together as Carlisle swabbed Emmett's previously gathered venom down the wound. It bonded, and I bandaged it so that the bond could solidify without being interrupted.

"It worked," Rosalie breathed. I held her hand under the table. I wouldn't let Carlisle see me being unprofessional.

"I need you to feed immediately prior to the surgery," Carlisle told her, checking my bandages. "To give us a better chance of collecting viable eggs."

After a while of monitoring Emmett, Jasper brought him back to clarity. He watched, alert, as I took off the dressing.

"Cool, I have a little scar," Emmett traced his abdomen and the small, puckered white line. It would likely fade until you could only see it in the light.

"When is my surgery, Carlisle?" Rosalie asked.

"Go hunt now, gorge yourself, and then we'll do the surgery when you get back," Carlisle waved a hand, putting one of Emmett's samples in the microscope. Rosalie and Emmett disappeared.

Jasper gave me a pointed look before disappearing as well. Carlisle was yet again lost in thought, looking over Emmett's slides. I sat down next to him and began taking notes as he dictated the findings.

My phone quietly buzzed with a text. It was sitting on the counter, so I peeked at the preview.

Juliet: Hey, it's lunch time. Where are u?

I wrote more notes as Carlisle spoke. My phone buzzed again.

Seth: Hey dork, come eat. Ur not invincible, need food!

"Carlisle, can I go eat lunch before the surgery?" I asked sheepishly.

"Yes, go."

I hesitated for a moment before grabbing my phone and heading out of the lab.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter Three

Renesmee

Seth and Juliet were waiting on the back porch with a tray of defrosted pizza and cold drinks.

"Hey, sorry, I'm working so hard," I sat down. "Lost track of time."

"You've been doing that a lot lately," Juliet pointed out. I frowned at her.

"We just miss you, that's all," Seth attempted to ease the sudden tension. "You can't go all day without eating, you aren't like your

parents."

"I'm aware," I sighed. "Where's Jake?"

"Conference call about Spencer," Seth averted his gaze. "His mom found out aboutâ€¢ she found out in the wrong way."

"What?! Why aren't you there?" I leaped up. "What about Lewis?"

"It's all up in the air right now," said Seth. "We're thinking of flying Spence down here for August. He just can't be in that house at the moment, not with how his parents are."

"Great," I rubbed my forehead. This was exactly what I needed right now. Rose's surgery could happen any minute and I was too busy worrying about my best friends.

"Ness, you should just relax," Seth suggested. "There's a lot going on right now."

"No, it's my job," I put down my empty glass. "I gotta get back and prep the operating table."

"Operating table? Ness, what's happening?" Juliet stood up.

"Nothing, just attempting a surgery. We already tried one on Em, it worked perfectly. It won't work if I don't concentrate. I'll see you guys in a bit," I grabbed my lab coat off the back of the chair and headed back into the house.

Carlisle was waiting in the lab, finishing up our slides from Emmett.

"Find anything interesting?" I asked cheerfully, plopping down on the stool.

"It appears," Carlisle murmured, completely enraptured. "Emmett's internal organs are very much alive after feeding, they seem to process the blood and convert it to strength. This gives me hope that we could find a viable egg within Rosalie."

A text popped up on my screen.

Emmett: We're back. Coming to lab with Jasper. See u soon doc!

"They're on their way," I hopped off, enjoying Carlisle's warmer attitude.

I prepped the operating table and sterilized the area thoroughly. The three vampires entered nervously.

"You fed, Rosalie?" Carlisle asked, patting the table. Rose nodded, hopping up.

"I took down a jaguar," Rose said proudly. I flashed her a thumbs up.

"Alright, Rosalie, I'm going to sedate you and then open the abdomen here," Carlisle gestured. "Then I'll go in with my instruments and try to get an egg."

"Okay," Rosalie took a deep breath and laid down on the table, lifting her shirt up.

"Renesmee, I'll ask you to hand me the instruments," Carlisle told me, getting in position at Rosalie's side. I stood on his right, ready to help with the cart of instruments.

"Jasper, sedation," Carlisle said. After Rosalie was in la-la land, Carlisle very carefully opened her stomach. I was amazed at what I saw inside - she looked so vital. Her organs were a healthy pink-red, squeezing slightly as they converted the hot blood to energy.

"There's the ovaries," he said quietly, gesturing to two little balls connected to some tubes.

"Freaky," I breathed. Emmett peered at them.

"I'm going in," Carlisle said firmly. We labored for an hour, carefully, hardly breathing, to extract enough eggs. I didn't release the tension in my shoulders until they were stored and sealed.

"Hold her together," he instructed. I held her stomach together, not afraid this time like I was with Emmett.

I took care of the bandage this time, and Jazz brought her out of sedation.

"That was scary," Rose sat up. "I couldn't move and everything was foggy. If you do that to me again, Jasper, I'll thump you."

"Yes, she's back," Jasper smiled before excusing himself.

"I need you for one more task," Carlisle said to me. "Rosalie, Emmett, you can go."

They left, holding hands.

"It'll be a while before I have any results," Carlisle warned. "Will you take notes again?"

I copied down everything he said as he studied the eggs we'd extracted. They were tiny, like little bits of dirt or sand. This wasn't dirt though, it was half the genetic framework we would need to make a little vampire.

"I'm now determining what exactly is in here," he mused. "I'm fairly sure it's a human egg - Rosalie, and the other female vampires, seem to be producing eggs. Instead of having a cycle, though, the egg dissolves and the body uses up the tissues. Interestingâ€¦ interestingâ€¦ The uterus is also too hostile and vampiric to create a livable home for even a hybrid child. This is all theory, of course."

"Okay," my pen scratched across the paper, looping up and down.

"I'm going to fertilize the egg now and put it in this dish," Carlisle said. "Once it becomes ready, we'll implant it in the synthetic womb and monitor it constantly."

"Okay."

"And then we'll freeze the rest of the samples."

"Right."

"I don't need you any more today, so you can go," Carlisle didn't even look up. "Thank you for your help."

Juliet

"Do you see anything?" I asked Alice, resting my head against the arm of the couch. Alice stared at me, setting down the pencil she'd been clutching.

"I can barely see around Nessie," she explained. "What I'm pissed about is the fact that Carlisle went ahead and performed two surgeries without even consulting me! It's like, it's like I don't even matter."

"You matter, Alice," I told her. "Of course you do. You know how Carlisle's been lately. He was probably just excited, right?"

"I don't feel very appreciated," Alice shot back. "Whatever, I'm focusing on my label."

"How's the designs coming?" I sat up, peering at her sketchbook.

She was designing a summer dress, a loose-flowing white garment with a gold band around the chest. It looked ethereal on the drawing, I just doubted I'd ever pull it off in person.

"Does it come with gold laurels?" I quipped, resting my elbows on the glossy tabletop.

"It does, in fact," Alice didn't miss a beat. She flipped the page. I stared at the fairylike model, posed staring into the distance with gold laurels resting in her hair.

"She looks like Rose," I commented.

"Let me show you something different," Alice moved a few pages back. A beautiful model looked up at me, drawn in a peculiar dress. It was delicate, the translucent fabric of the strapless gown falling like sheets of water in different hues of aqua and bright blue. It was accompanied by tiny sandal heels that wrapped like ribbons up to just under knee. On the next page, the freckled model looked up dreamily, a string of pearls with two blue flowers resting like a crown on her head.

She was dotted with blue freckles, her wide hazel eyes peering at the distance.

"Alice, is that?" I trailed off, staring at the model's eyes. They were a perfect match for my own.

"I want my sisters to walk in my first show!" Alice squeaked, clapping her hands together. "Will you please?!"

"I'm not a model, Alice," I protested. "I'll never be able to pull that off. Not in a million years."

Alice pointed at the mirrored wall. I stared at it, at the creature resting casually against the tabletop, poised like a drawing. I hardly recognized the person staring back at me.

Juliet Keat always had dry, frizzy hair. Juliet Keat had imbalanced eye shapes and too many freckles. This person I didn't know, her hair fell in thick soft waves to her waist. Her freckles were faint across her cheekbones, doll-like eyes aligned perfectly.

"I'll wear the damn dress, Alice," I sighed, attempting to avoid the existential crisis that was about to hit me. "But not the damn heels."

That part was still me. I may be some sort of elven creature now, but Juliet did not wear heels.

"Fine," Alice pouted. "I figured you would say that."

We chatted until the evening. I learned that it was more fun for her to design things on Nessie and I because she was going in blind. With the others, she knew immediately what would suit us. Because of the blind spots we gave her visions, she had to work extra hard to make something magical.

"Speaking of magic, Esme is like a fairy godmother," Alice told me. "So look what I made her."

She opened the closet to reveal a beautiful white gown, poised on a mannequin. Sparkles of different colors rested spread across the light fabric. The bodice was a stiff, strapless sweetheart shape made of what looked like pure crystal. It was beautiful. I told her that.

The sparkles caught the light in just the right way to create a sort of rainbow around the dress that moved with the fabric.

"She's going to look divine," I whispered.

"Only the best for Esme," Alice put her hands on her hips. "I want her to wear it at her and Carlisle's next wedding."

"Next wedding?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Oh, every twenty years or so they have another ceremony," Alice waved her hand airily. "Everyone does in this family. Mostly so we have wedding photos that fit the time period, because we cannot have a photo of Esme and Carlisle in 1900's or 1800's style clothing hanging around for people to see."

"Makes sense," I smiled. "When's their next wedding?"

"Hopefully soon, this family needs something to perk us up," she sighed, closing the closet. "You should get some dinner in you, or come hunting with Jazz and I."

"I'll pass, but thanks," I told her, smiling. "I have dinner plans with the fantastic four."

"It's almost six thirty," Alice informed me.

"Holy crow, I'm late!" I grabbed my sketchbook. "Bye, Alice!"

Alice waved as I darted out into the fading light. I pelted across the grass at full tilt, bursting through the French doors of the main house.

"You're late," Seth pointed out. "Where have you been?"

"Lost track of time with Alice," I apologized, sitting down on the couch. "What are we watching?"

"You both keep doing that," Seth looked pointedly at Nessie, sat in the corner of the couch with notebooks spread around her, glasses perched on her nose as she scratched away at the paper with a pen.

"Ness, movie time? Hello," Jake took her glasses off. "Earth to imprint."

"Sorry," she shoved the books on to the floor. "I'm here now, what are we watching?"

"Die Hard," Seth grabbed the disc. "Classic Christmas movie."

We all grabbed plates of hot pockets as the movie played. There was too much shooting and killing for my taste, but it was admittedly a great movie. Seth obviously enjoyed it, his face lighting up. Sometimes he'd forget himself and yell at the TV.

"Love you," I mouthed when he caught my eye. He smiled and planted a kiss on the back of my hand.

4. Chapter 4

A/n: I'd like to remind everyone to read Cliff's Edge, which can be found on my profile, BEFORE this story. I mean, despite saying this in the summary and eluding to it in the first chapters, I still get asked where the story starts. I'm just saying. You have eyes.

Anyways this chapter is a little late, which is my bad. I got all these weird ideas that wouldn't leave me alone. I'm still working on them but I might have a new story soon. I promise not to abandon Waterfalls. Eli xx

TRIGGER WARNING for this chapter, I don't want to spoil it but I also don't want to give anyone unnecessary pain. So, tw for miscarriage mention.

Chapter Four

Renesmee

I laid on the floor in Juliet's room with my hair splayed out around me. The purply glow of the string lights bounced off my curls. Juliet sat on her bed, cross legged, watching me quietly.

"It's weird knowing you're sleeping across the compound," she pointed out after a long silence. I inhaled, listening to the lively hum of the creatures thriving in the forest outside the walls.

"Yeah," I said. "It is."

"I have an extra bed," she gestured to the bed across the room, as though I'd forgotten where it was. "You could sleep here, or have some stuff here."

"Are you asking me to move in with you, Juliet Cullen?" I asked, arching my brows at her.

"Oh, I just feel like our relationship is at that level now," she looked me dead in the eye. We were silent for a moment before bursting out into giggles. When was the last time we'd actually laughed together? It felt amazing, like a weight was lifted away, one I didn't even realize I had been carrying.

"I'd love to move in, if you'll have me," I informed her. "Just don't tell my boyfriend."

"I won't tell your boyfriend if you don't tell mine," she agreed.

"We could elope."

"I'd love to," she said. "Whatever will your parents think?"

"We don't have to tell them," I crossed my arms over my chest. "We could have Alice marry us by the pool."

"It'll be a July wedding," she said wistfully. "My pretty wife with her hair all done up, both of us in white gossamer dresses."

"Sounds so beautiful," I sing-songed. "But we'll never get around to it if I don't get my things here first."

"Let's go to your cottage then," Juliet jumped off the bed. "I think your parents will be grateful for the alone time."

"Gross," I muttered, letting her pull me up from the floor. We left the house, walking together through the barely moonlit darkness. Insects whirred around us, making an odd tapestry of sound. Our bare feet whispered quietly across the thick grass. Across the compound, light came from the windows of various cottages. From the pack house, I could hear Jake talking on the phone, and what seemed like Seth playing video games.

I was so tuned in to what was happening elsewhere that I didn't realize what was going on inside my house until it was too late.

"Mom, Dad!" I shoved the door open. "Are you home?"

"Er- Just a minute, Renesmee!" Bella called, sounding awkward. I

shared a horrified look with Juliet.

"Oh, Mary mother of Jesus," Juliet covered her mouth. Bella ran into the room, tugging on her dress slightly.

"Nope," I said, kicking the door of my room open. "Nope. Not today."

I heard Juliet and Bella murmuring in the kitchen while I grabbed a duffel bag from the closet. I dumped my favorite clothes in it, my laptop, chargers, personal items, and some stuff from the bathroom. I zipped it up tight and grabbed another bag, shoving in the blankets from my bed and my favorite pillow.

"Have fun at the main house," Bella smiled awkwardly when I came back into the kitchen, bags over my shoulders. I just shook my head, not making eye contact.

"Nope," I told her, leaving the house. Edward was in the other room, laughing. I mentally flipped him off, not caring about the consequences. My mortification was not a laughing matter.

Juliet jogged across the grass, failing to hide her smirk. I just shook my head.

"You're so much like Charlie," she observed after a moment, looking at me sidelong. "He does the same thing when Bella and Edward act all mushy around him."

"That's probably why he moved to Nahuel's camp," I snorted.

Back in Juliet's room, she helped me set up my things. Our room really started to look homey.

"I knew it was missing something," Juliet wrapped her arms around me. "My best friend."

Falling asleep was easy across from her. Our heartbeats and breathing created a gentle lull that I'd been missing since we got here. Before, I felt so small and the jungle outside felt too big. Next to my best friend, though, it wasn't so bad after all.

That night, I dreamed I was a jaguar. Slinking through the underbrush, I stalked my prey. It rested peacefully chewing on its snack, unaware that just a few feet away, death was coming. The moments trickled by, sun bouncing off dewy leaves. I stalked forward, step by step. The lean muscles in my shoulders bunched. I struck, paws outstretched, tackling the anteater into the soil. Blood dripped down onto my hands, glinting pale white in the sun. I blinked a few times. Lewis lay in front of me, glasses askew, eyes unseeing. Blood stained everything. I scratched at my skin but it wouldn't leave.

"Gah!" I sat up, holding my chest. My heart beat more rapidly than normal, which was impressive for me.

"Hmm?" Juliet raised her chin from the pillow. Her hair was a mess. She rubbed her eyes sleepily as I caught my breath.

"Weird dream," I told her, rising from the too-warm bed. The summer

Amazon heat was really getting to me.

"Mm," she nodded as though I'd said something very important. I went to the closet and picked out a simple powder blue romper, leaving my heavy curls loose. The heat almost made me want to crop it all off, the hair, but I knew it'd just grow back in a month anyways.

The next two weeks went by in a blur. Carlisle and I implanted the fertilized egg into the artificial womb. Alice and Juliet worked relentlessly all day on some secret fashion project. Bella was up at Nahuel's camp, spending time with Charlie and Tatiana and the hybrids almost every day. Charlie and Tati were like teenagers in love, apparently, going all googly-eyed and sneaking kisses all the time.

I watched in the machine as a teeny, tiny little embryo grew. The baby - or as Carlisle referred to it, fetus - looked like a very small squirrel. It was growing rather quickly, which was to be expected.

We finalized travel plans for Lewis and Spencer. Spence was going to fly out here on August second, whether his mom liked it or not. To be frank, she wanted him gone. So she could handle her son being a freaking wolf, but not gay? Whatever you say, Beth.

We'd take good care of Spence, anyways. Lewis was set to fly in August fifth and spend the month, until September first, when he'd have to go back for school.

On July thirty first, I went down to the lab like normal, ready to take notes on the baby's progress when I stepped on broken glass. I recoiled, although I knew I wasn't in any danger. A few things of Carlisle's were scattered on the floor, smashed.

"Carlisle?" I asked, entering the lab. He sat at the table with his head in his hands.

"Take out your notebook, Renesmee," he instructed sharply. I pulled it out quickly, hesitating with the pen millimeters from the page.

"Fetusâ€| two weeksâ€| miscarriedâ€| endâ€| of story," Carlisle said slowly through gritted teeth as I wrote each painful word.

"THE END!" Carlisle erupted, shoving his textbooks off the table. The heavy thunks as they hit the white tiled floor made tears spring into my eyes. I dropped the notebook, running upstairs without any sort of sense about where to go. Just away from Carlisle, whom I did not recognize. The words bounced around in my head.

The end. That was it. Two little words, and the baby's story was over. The baby who had never gotten to live. How was it even possible for a hybrid to miscarry? We were tough as nails, hard as granite, strong as steel. And yet, they were gone, slipped away some time in the night.

It wasn't fair, I thought, as I sat on the floor of the living room. It just wasn't fair at all.

Sometime during my inner monologue, the entire family managed to fill

the room. Rosalie was inconsolable, carrying on and screaming while Emmett solemnly held her. Everyone else was arguing.

"-Scared Renesmee, lost your temper!" Esme was shouting at Carlisle.

"- and spending every day off in the jungle playing Amazon with Nahuel!" Edward was shouting at Bella.

"It's like I don't even exist anymore!" Jasper was shouting towards everyone else, but mostly Alice.

"We have to fix it! We have to fix it!" Rosalie was shouting at Carlisle.

"It's not possible!" Carlisle was roaring. "It's just a pipe dream!"

"SHUT IT!" I suddenly stood up, letting my voice fill the room. "SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU."

My family fell silent, staring at me with horrified eyes.

"Honestly, I can NOT believe I am doing this again," I put my hands on my hips. I was about five three and could not see anyone, so I hopped up onto the couch. Okay, better.

"Listen," I snapped. "Mom, I get that Charlie is family, but we're family too, and you're never here anymore. Dad needs you. But Dad, get a life. I get that you love Mom so much and she's your whole world, but hello, we exist. Hang out with your brothers or your mom, for God's sake. Alice, I love you, but you're going fashion crazy. You need to chill, pace yourself, and get out of that studio once in awhile. Jasper, I'm sorry everyone is ignoring you. That really sucks for you. Rosalie, I know this is hard, but we can get past this."

"As for YOU," I turned to Carlisle, my blood boiling. "You've barely emerged from that damn lab since we got here. Now that we messed up, you're just giving up? All the times you neglected your family were for nothing? And you SMASHED the lab, seriously? Grow up, Grandpa. And then you yelled at me, and you've been yelling a lot lately, or being really cold and not very nice and all I wanted to do was just bond with you over some science, not get treated like a little intern getting lessons from the hotshot doctor. So you're going to clean up your mess, we're going to get another egg, and we're going to try again so Rosalie and Emmett get their little BUNDLE. OF. JOY."

I took a deep breath while Carlisle hung his head.

"And I'm sorry, too. I got so wrapped up in the science stuff that I started putting off my family. I've been ignoring my friends and my boyfriend and that's just so not cool, and I'm working too hard and making everyone miserable and I'm really, really sorry that I've been such a brat," I wiped my cheeks on the back of my sleeves.

"Oh, baby," Bella ran over, lifting me into her arms as if I was five. She somehow managed to cradle me, even though we were damn near the same size.

Murmurs broke out around the room as everyone apologized and hugged each other. It had been a really horrible, terrible summer so far and it felt amazing to shove it behind me.

"You're right, Ness, we're going to try again," Carlisle said before turning to Rosalie. "I'm not going to rest until there's a beautiful child in your arms."

"Thank you," I collapsed back onto the couch. It was getting tiring having to be the one to reprimand the family every few months.

"Renesmee, everyone is really sorry," Edward sat on the couch. "We've been dumping all our problems on you instead of settling it like adults. Sincerely, we apologize."

I hugged my dad, assuring him it was no big deal.

That evening, I stood across from Juliet in our bedroom.

"I feel ignored," she was saying. "Like we used to be a team but lately it's just me."

"I know, I'm sorry," I told her. "We're still a team, I can't do this without you."

"Okay," she pulled me into her arms. "We'll do better."

I slept well that night.

5. Chapter 5

A/n: Hey, here's chapter five! Sorry the updates are so slow, I've got a crazy personal life. It's like a teen drama novel, you know the one you wanted to live out as a kid? Well the truth is, it sucks. Also, kissing boys is terrifying. There's also this famous publisher guy coming to my HOUSE tonight for dinner because he's an old friend of my dad's and he's in town (my dad writes books). So of course my dad is planning on embarrassing me by bragging about his "author daughter and artist son" (you know, cause the other brother doesn't exist). Anyways, I'm crazy nervous, so wish me luck! Hope you enjoy this chapter, and hope you like the newest Cullen when she or he arrives ;) Love, Eli xx

Chapter Five

Renesmee

After we lost the first baby, Carlisle and I threw ourselves back into it. We placed one of the other fertilized embryo into the artificial womb after we found out what went wrong the first time.

I ended up being the one to find the issue. Not enough nutrients were going to the baby, or not the right nutrients. We made adjustments. Our mistake was feeding it what an average adult female eats in one day, every day. Unfortunately we just didn't remember that when Bella was pregnant with me, she ate like a wolf. We ended up doubling the nutrients by half.

Spencer arrived days later. We toured him around the compound, going swimming and adventuring in the jungle. Anything to get his mind off his mom. The day that Lewis arrived, although I think it was a coincidence, Charlie came to call a family meeting.

He nodded awkwardly at all of us standing around him.

"I, uh, called you all here today to ask for your blessings," he said nervously with his hands shoved in his pockets. "I proposed to Tatiana. So we're getting married."

"Ohmygod, Charlie!" Alice threw herself at him. "I'm so excited I can't even sit still! I mean, I knew already, but now everyone else knows! So it's more fun!"

"Of course we'll let you plan the wedding, just don't go too crazy," Charlie patted her back. "Who am I kidding, you're Alice."

We all congratulated him. I was a little bit bitter about having a step-grandma. I had liked Sue, but now Sue was anti-Cullen along with precious Leah. I guess I could deal with Tatiana now that her claws weren't sunk into Carlisle. Jeez, this woman had a thing for grandfathers.

When Lewis arrived, Jules and I tackled him to the ground. The three of us rolled in the grass, hugging and kissing and chattering excitedly. We dragged him around the compound for an hour before we gave him some time to settle into the pack house with Spencer.

Carlisle gave me more days off now that Lewis was here. The four of us, Spencer, Lewis, Juliet and I spent our days lounging by the pool, climbing trees and discovering rivers and caves. Lewis got the daylights scared out of him when a large snake suddenly emerged from the underbrush. It lurched at him, but he was forgetting who he was with. Juliet just grabbed his waist and leaped into a tree.

The snake was rather put out, slithering back into God knows where. I quickly grabbed the digital camera out of Lewis's dropped pack and snapped a photo of Juliet gripping a branch with one hand, cradling Lewis with the other.

We continued adventuring through the forest. The sun set, too soon in my opinion. We crashed together on the floor of the pack house's living room.

Emmett

"Rose?" I whispered. She was laying in our bed with the curtains drawn. Her hair framed her face, the faint light from the doorway I stood in glinted off her curls.

"Do you want to talk about it?" I asked softly, closing the door behind me and sitting on the end of the bed.

"Our baby died," she whispered.

"I know."

"What did we do that was wrong?" she asked me, sounding like a little

kid herself. "Are my eggs no good? Did we just miss our chance?"

"That's not it," I protested, pulling her blankets and all into my arms. She sat in my lap with her nose pressed into my t-shirt. "No, that's not it. Your eggs are fine. It was the machine, it just wasn't ready, but it's ready now."

She didn't say anything for a long time.

"You know," I told her. "I had a lot of siblings, right? Well, miscarriages happen. My mom had one before Ruth was born. She didn't lose hope, and then she had Ruthie, the beautiful little angel."

"I love you," she buried the rest of her face in my chest. I kissed the top of her head.

Renesmee

Jake: Miss you too. Can't wait for dinner.

I smiled down at the phone and locked it. The cool air from the lab soothed my skin as I walked in, grateful for the escape from the boiling heat everywhere else. Jake and I made dinner plans for just the two of us by the pool that evening.

That thought flew out of my mind when I got a closer look at the artificial womb.

"Carlisle," I called across the long, narrow room. "How long has it been since implantation?"

"The baby is three weeks along," Carlisle came to stand beside me, smiling. I dropped to my knees, peering into the screen. The machine itself was like a black box with tubes running into it from both sides, the tubes being hooked up to other little machines that Carlisle maintained, adding the nutrients and essentially replicating the female body's processes.

On the middle of the box was a screen that showed the ultrasound. Carlisle tweaked for ages until it could see the potential baby. I stared at it.

This baby was almost ready to come out. He or she looked so real, so tangible. I could easily see myself holding a baby of this size.

"Due date?" I breathed.

"Well, the baby is growing even more rapidly than expected. Bella took a month to come to full term with you, whereas this baby is due maybe a day or so from now," Carlisle was grinning like a madman. "I think it has to do with the fact that I started giving this baby blood instantly, rather than with Bella, where it took a while to discover she needed blood. You were no longer malnourished and grew quickly. This baby has received it since conception, which meansâ€|"

"Faster growth," I finished, smiling up at him.

"Keep your phone on loud, I'll call you as soon as the baby shows that it's ready to arrive," Carlisle told me. I hit the print button on the screen, grabbing my tote bag and rushing to the printer.

The shiny black and grey photo slipped out onto the tray. I grabbed it and kissed the baby's likeness on the nose.

"I'll take this to Rosalie," I called as I ran from the lab. "Thank you, Carlisle!"

My cousin will be here soon, I thought as I thundered up the basement stairs. My feet could barely carry me fast enough on my way to Rose and Emmett's.

"Uncle Emmett! Aunt Rosie! Open up!" I hollered, slapping the door. It opened instantly, Rose standing there wearing cute pajamas.

"What's going on?" she ushered me into the house immediately. I waved the ultrasound around in the air, catching my breath.

When Emmett emerged, we sat together on the couch and I showed them the photo.

"Got your nose," Rosalie whispered, pointing to the tiny button nose. It really did look like Emmett's. "He's going to be so beautiful."

"He?" Emmett said. "Says who?"

"His mother, that's who," Rosalie reached across me to slap him on the arm. I left the glowing couple, speed walking across the compound to Alice's studio. She opened the door immediately, grabbing my arm. The impatient little woman tugged me to the circular platform next to the mirrored wall.

"Okay, put this on," she tossed me a bag. I pulled off my black frayed denim shorts and army-green tank top, dropping them unceremoniously on her floor. She rolled her eyes at me. I pulled out the garment and stepped into it, pulling it up around me.

It obviously had the desired effect. Alice squealed, clapping her hands and forcing me to turn and face the mirrors. My jaw dropped.

It was a simple knee-length white dress with spaghetti straps. The material was a soft, floaty yet firm fabric. The skirt kind of flowered outwards, but not in a weird way, just casually. The bottom part, from my knees to mid thigh, had aqua blue diamond-like stones scattered intermittently.

"They're going to catch the light from the pool, hopefully," she told me as I admired them, turning left and right.

"It's just a date, Alice," I arched my brows. She looked at me as though I might be stupid.

"It's your first date," she folded her arms across her chest. "That DIDN'T include Seth or Juliet."

It took a moment for that to set in, until I realized she was right. Jake and I had hunted together, and adventured around the jungle, but none of it was anything date-like. This was the only thing we'd done that was supposed to be a date. Alone. I was suddenly nervous.

6. Chapter 6

A/n: Okay, so the publisher guy and his wife are in my house. Right. Now. Like, he shook my hand, for real. He's really, really cool though. He's just with my dad talking about super neat old-people gossip, like who has what disease. Really cheerful, but they seem happy so I'm not one to judge. Anyways it's going spectacular! Here's the next chapter :) Love, Eli xx

Chapter Six

Renesmee

"Oh jeez, Alice," I knelt down on the stage, catching my breath.

"It'll be fine," she patted my back. "Go for a walk in the jungle, clear your breath."

"I thought I wasn't allowed out of the compound without an adult?" I asked her as I pulled the dress carefully over my head.

"Oh, please," she snorted. "You've explored the whole area, it's not like you're in any trouble."

"This is true," I laughed, buttoning up my shorts. "Okay, then, I'll see you."

"Mhm," she hummed, zipping up the bag. "Come get the dress before dinner, I'll do your hair, and then tell me how it goes after."

"'Course!" I yelled as I jogged out of the studio.

The fresh air soothed my sudden nerves. I left the compound, shaking my head to clear the intruding thoughts. This was just Jacob, just my Jacob.

I didn't bother with shoes, stomping through the mud and the river, the moss and the leaves littering the ground. My feet were practically impenetrable. I climbed a few trees, braided my hair while I basked in the shade, and watched a capybara trundle by while I lounged undetected across a branch.

A few bundled shapes caught my eye. When I squinted, I saw a group of ripe-looking passion fruits. Jake loved those, even though the gooey seeds inside creeped me out. Well, to each their own. I tightened the strap of my satchel and launched my body lithely into the air.

I drifted for a bit, falling to the ground, before I caught a sturdy branch and used my momentum to swing upwards, gliding again until I reached the next branch. I did this a few times before I wrapped my legs around the thick tree, close to the hanging fruit.

I checked the ripeness, like Jasper taught me, before plucking the best ones and tucking them away.

A text chimed on my phone. I nearly fell out of the tree. I was so used to my isolation in the jungle that the rest of the world disappeared. When the chime sounded, everything came rushing back, including the soon-to-be newest Cullen. I ripped the phone from my satchel, hoping to see some news.

Alice: Okay, be back in TEN. MINUTES. I have to do your hair. Hurry up, almost sunset.

Disappointed, I peered at the sky. Holy crow, Alice was right. The sun was beginning to crawl towards the mountains in the far horizon. I dropped from the tree, bolting through the jungle.

Alice's face bunched when I entered her pristine studio. Catching sight of myself in the mirror, I understood why. Loose flowers and vines twisted in my hair, meshing with the relaxed braid. Some fine dirt, which I thought looked great, accentuated my cheekbones. My face was flushed from the heat and the running, my clothes dirty and moss-stained, and not to mention my damp and dirty feet.

"Shower. Now," Alice rubbed her forehead, pointing to the bathroom. I dropped my bag and quickly followed orders. When I came back out, Juliet was sitting on the couch admiring my dress.

"He's going to love it," she told me matter-of-factly. We fistbumped as Alice pulled the dress over my hips. Some sections of my hair, which was neatly blow dried, Alice pinned behind my head with an aqua-colored diamond pin.

"It's time," Alice chirped, pushing me still barefoot out of the studio. Juliet tossed me my frayed and dirty satchel. I caught it deftly, holding it away from the dress as I walked. The floaty skirt caught the breeze as I made my way through the dimming sunlight to the pool. It wafted around me as though I were a fairy, or had mastered the art of making clothes out of the clouds.

Jake was already there, sitting on a grey quilt by the pool. Next to him was a gigantic, decoratively laid bowl of fruit. No doubt Esme had a hand in that culinary masterpiece. I ran across the grass, the blades tickling my feet.

"Hey, Nessie," Jake smiled casually. I plopped down, slightly unceremoniously to the quilt. He took in the dress that pooled around my legs, the way it absorbed the ghostly blue light from the pool and the reflections from the jewels.

"Wow," he said. He was dressed more casually in cutoff shorts and a white t-shirt. I just leaned forward and kissed him in response. Before he could deepen the kiss, I pulled away and shoved the satchel into his lap.

"What's this?" he laughed, eyeing the poor abused bag. I gave him eyes that clearly said, open it, dummy. He lifted the flap and reached inside, pulling out several of the perfect, odd yellow fruits.

"Nessie!" he laughed, lifting the fruits to the light. "You picked

these?"

"Yep," I boasted. "Had to fight off an anaconda for them. It was a close battle, but I emerged victorious."

"Okay, Nessie the Brave," he kissed my cheek, setting the fruit next to the bowl. "Except that anacondas don't eat passion fruit."

"This one did, his name was Vegan Victor," I said very seriously. Jake stared at me for a full minute before we collapsed into laughter.

Through dinner, he attempted to ask about the baby. I brushed him off every time, claiming I didn't want to talk about work at our date. This was supposed to be our time.

Towards the end, my phone started bleating like crazy. My hand twitched towards it before I hesitated.

"Go for it, it's likely Carlisle," Jake urged. I lifted the phone to my ear.

"Hello?" I asked.

"Renesmee, it's time," Carlisle sounded giddy. "I can't put off birth much longer, please hurry!"

"Oh my gosh!" I squealed. "I have no time to change!"

"Then just wear whatever you're in!" he exalted. "Just get down here!"

"Jake, I have to—" I began, standing up. He cut me off.

"Don't, I get it," he smiled up at me. "I'll take care of this, you go get your cousin."

I took off, flying through the back door and down the stairs. Of course my cousin decided they were ready to come out when I was barefoot, wearing a girly dress and on an actual date. This was likely the start of an argumentative cousin-ship.

"I'm here!" I yelled, pushing the damned curls away from my face. I didn't have a hair tie, just the tiny fragile pin from Alice.

"Ah, perfect birthing attire," Carlisle looked at me. "I hope you're not attached to that dress."

"As if Alice would let me," I mumbled, getting into position. Carlisle and I had rehearsed this a hundred times. He'd open the machine, begin the drainage of the birth fluids, open the synthetic womb and lift out the baby while I'd be standing by to assist any technical errors, with a blanket to get the baby.

Rose and Emmett chose to wait upstairs for the birth. They didn't want to see their new child wrenched from an odd-looking machine, covered in odd fluids and likely crying. I'd clean up the little tot and bring it to them when it was cleared medically by Carlisle.

Now it was time. I held the white towel ready. Emmett and Rose had

entrusted me alone with two names that they picked out. They thought it would be ceremonious for me to be the one to tell them the baby's gender.

For a boy, it would be Jackson Eric Cullen. A girl would be Emerie Ruth Cullen. Jackson and Eric were Rosalie's brothers, but Emerie and Ruth were Emmett's mother and sister. I shook the thoughts from my head when the machine opened with a hiss.

An odd-looking lump of pinky-white flesh pulsed, hooked up to tubes in a gooey fluid. I swallowed as Carlisle delicately opened the weird flesh thing, revealing a pair of feet.

"Uh-oh, we're upside down," Carlisle cooed, reaching into the fluid. Luckily his sleeves were rolled to the elbow. He delved his hands unhesitatingly into the womb, pulling out a pale shape.

The first thing I noticed was a mat of nearly-black damp curls. He hoisted the little thing into my waiting towel. I wrapped the baby up quickly, rubbing it down for warmth. There was no time to waste as I hustled to the sink while Carlisle deactivated the machine.

I unwrapped the baby and dipped it into the bath. When I got a better look, I could confirm that this was certainly their child.

"Hello, little Jackson," I whispered. He peeked up at me, confused, with deep violet-blue eyes. His wide eyes were like the dawn on our first day here, riding over the jungle in the helicopter. His hair stuck out in messy brown-black curls. His pale body was sturdy. He was a little man like Emmett, but he held some of Rosalie's tenderness and grace. This boy would break a thousand hearts. If I was being honest, he was prettier than the male members of my family.

"You're a little doll, Jackson," I cooed, pouring water over the babe's body. "Yeah, my little man, Jack-Jack."

He grinned at me, his eyes crinkling up and a dimple forming on his cheek. My heart shattered and swelled at the same time.

"Oh," I cried, lifting him to my chest. I didn't care that I was wearing the best dress I'd ever worn, or that the water dripped into my curls. He held on to me, quite aware for a baby. He peered around the room.

"You ready to meet your mommy and daddy, Jack-Jack?" I asked, setting him in the yellow blanket. He cooed back at me. I barely noticed Carlisle standing next to me while I wrapped up the tot.

"A natural," Carlisle patted my back. I grinned, clutching the now-dry baby to my neck.

"I've had my moment, time for him to meet his parents," I laughed. "Carlisle, want to meet your little miracle?"

Carlisle gave the baby a kiss on the head. "I have work to do here, take Jackson to see his parents."

I walked carefully, more slowly than I normally would, up the stairs. Rose and Emmett waited tensely on the couch, their hands tangled into

a blur.

"Here's your little Jackson Eric Cullen," I smiled, passing the bundle to the couple. Rosalie cried out loud as they peered down at their child. The child made from equal parts Rose, equal parts Emmett. The impossible baby who almost never was.

I left the new parents by themselves when Carlisle arrived to talk them through it. I went up to my room, discarding the dress on the floor. I switched it out for black fabric shorts and a grey mesh-style tank top. The rest of the family was gathered in the backyard.

"Baby's born," I said casually, leaning against the bannister. "Jackson. He has Rose's eyes and Emmett's hair. He's a heartbreaker."

"Oh my god," Juliet cooed. "Myâ€œ| Nephew?"

"I think so, technically," Alice nodded solemnly.

Exhaustingly, I stayed up all night playing nursemaid while the family visited in on Rose and Emmett's cottage. The spare room, which was now a nursery, bustled with life.

Carlisle had finally done it. He'd perfected the machine that created life from cells. My parents could have another child, Alice and Jasper, even Esme. Who, of my family, would take that step and have a child? Charlie and Tatiana, maybe?

Secretly, I hoped my parents would. I imagined myself braiding the hair of a little girl, wearing a princess dress. Or us, both clad in dirty cutoffs, swinging from ropes on trees and swimming under the canopy. Reading her stories until she fell asleep, guarding her heart with tooth and nail. Fixing her breakfast, guiding her through life. I didn't want a daughter, I wanted a sister. A brother, even, the two of us playfully fighting. Sitting on the roof at sunrise, climbing the tallest trees, tucking him into bed.

I imagined myself leading a little troupe of cousins. Jackson, a little girl from Mom and Dad, a little one from Alice and Jasper. Traipsing through the jungle, teaching them to hunt like wildcats.

"Renesmee?" Rosalie broke me out of my reverie.

"Hmm," I blinked a few times.

"I was saying you need to get to sleep. You look dead on your feet," she laughed, bouncing the baby slightly.

"Mhm," I nodded. "I'll go sleep."

They both hugged me tight before I stumbled across the thick grass. I could almost just lay down there, in the field under the stars, sleeping until milky dawn. But somehow, I think with Juliet's help, I made it to bed.

And then I slept until noon, as per Seth Clearwater style.

7. Chapter 7

A/n: Wow I'm having the worst time. Sorry I haven't been quick to update, I've been in the WORST mood. All my friends are acting out and a lot of the time they take out their bad moods on each other. I also caught a friend talking badly about me for no reason, even though I was the one who was hurt in the situation. It was just incredibly annoying all week, so glad it's almost Friday. I want to skip school tomorrow, I HATE my friends right now.

Chapter Seven

Juliet

At the family meeting, I bounced Jackson on my lap. It had been three weeks since his birth. He was starting to talk, his voice smooth and lilting.

"Julie," Jack groaned with his little hands pressed to his cheeks. He have me a dramatic melancholy look. "I just want to out the house."

"You have to go out of the house," I corrected gently. "I'll take you out when the meeting is finished."

"Finished," he repeated. "You will take me out when the meeting is finished."

"Yep," I kissed his head.

Carlisle began the meeting. Jackson was healthy and growing with zero abnormalities. He didn't bite humans, thankfully, because he adored Lewis. It took an hour to get him to stop wailing when Lewis went home.

"So, I'll ask now, is anyone else ready to have a child?" Carlisle asked seriously.

Bella and Edward shared a mushy look. Renesmee had already shown me the images of the kids she hoped they had.

"We'd like to," Bella smiled. "We talked about it, and Renesmee expressed interest, so we would love to try."

"That sounds lovely, we'll start the procedure whenever you're ready," Carlisle smiled. Nessie bounced with excitement next to me. Jack just seemed confused.

"What about you, Carlisle?" Edward asked.

"Juliet is our daughter," Esme said proudly. "If, one day in the future we decide to try, then we will. But as far as I'm concerned, I'm doing my part in raising a child with Juliet."

Carlisle nodded in agreeance. My heart swelled. To be truthful, I was worried they'd have their own biological baby and forget about me.

Of course, I thought to myself, that would never happen. But still.

If the time came, I'd love to be a big sister.

Maybe, I thought, I'd do a better job than Erica.

I regretted that thought the moment I had it. Erica had done her best to protect me. And then she left. Maybe she hadn't come back because she wasâ€¦ Really gone.

"We could start today, if that's convenient for you," Edward offered. Carlisle nodded, gesturing for Renesmee and her parents to follow him into the lab.

I scooped up Jackson as promised. He clung happily to my collarbones.

"Just taking Jack out," I called. Rosalie nodded. She and Emmett could use the alone time.

I carried Jackson to the little meadow in one end of the compound. He toddled around me as best he could, sometimes swaying over and plunking into the grass.

He was starting to get bigger. If I'd seen him on the street I would have said he was two. Rosalie cut his hair every day, as it grew constantly and annoyed him. He seemed to dislike human food almost completely. We knew he was definitely more venomous than Nessie or I, so he was under strict no-biting orders for everyone. We didn't need Lewis to be a full vampire or Seth and Jake in danger.

I played with him idly, tucking flowers and bits of grass into his thick curls. Now that he was growing, his face was forming. He had Emmett's strong jaw and button nose, with Rose's eyes and an almost feminine cast to his features.

He slept in my lap eventually, resting his head on the folds of my skirt and closing his eyes until he sunk peacefully into dreams, the fading sunlight giving a violet tint to his features.

Renesmee

I sat still as Carlisle explained the process to my parents. It was uncomfortable for all of us as Carlisle went over the method of, um, DNA collection from Edward.

When that awkwardness was over, Jasper was called in to begin the extraction from Bella. It was jarring to see my mom open on the table like that. All I could think about was the fact that I used to be there. I knew it was part of my training to handle the gory bits, but wasn't there some doctor rule about not operating on family? I averted my eyes.

After the procedure was done, I stared at the tiny eggs. Little grains of sand, ready to grow into something big. Something that would be a little Edward, a little Bella, a lot like me. Would she look scary identical to me? Would she play my twin next time we joined humans?

Would we get along, or would we fight? Would the family ever pose as humans again, now that we were expanding in size?

Carlisle sent me out for the day, as I wasn't needed. Implantation would happen this evening. I was thankful that I didn't have to stick around and watch Carlisle fertilize the embryo. There was, in fact, a concept called "too much information".

I spent the rest of the evening with Jake, walking around the compound or playing with Juliet and Jackson.

In three weeks, I would have a sibling. A girl or a boy, either way, I was going to be a big sister and I would love it.

That night, I kept dreaming. Alternating dreams between the little girl and the little boy. It killed me not to know which I would have.

Jackson

Juliet held me still. I didn't like it - I wanted to be up and running around.

"Hush, Jack," she scolded. "It's bedtime."

I folded my arms and stared at her. Why wasn't she giving me what I wanted? I always got what I wanted. She folded her arms as well, staring back at me. I bared my teeth and growled at her, just like Dad would do.

Juliet leaned forward slightly, her teeth glinting. A low growl, lower than mine, ripped through her chest.

"Go. To. Sleep," she rumbled. My jaw dropped. Okay, maybe staying in bed was a good idea.

End
file.